

Missionary News.

THE MISSION WORK.

Paul heard a man saying: "Come over into Macedonia, and help us." He immediately made an effort to respond to the call. Men are calling to us from every direction, and we are failing to do our duty. Thinking I could awaken a greater interest, I have decided to push this branch of the work; hence in the articles that will follow, I desire to be plain and to the point.

Not long ago a brother wanted to know what had become of the National Mission Board, was it dead, etc.; and yet in various numbers of the EVANGELIST there were articles on the subject. I wrote and Brother Roop wrote, we set forth the cause, named the pean sanctum by conference, and with two or three exceptions there were no responses, and there questions show that the EVANGELIST was not half read, at least upon the subject of missions, or if so were soon forgotten.

Since then an article has appeared cautioning the church from being too practical. The writer of that article is a good writer, but such advice from a mission point of view is most ridiculous, at least it seems so to me. The district in which the writer lives has gone back in place of advancing, and instead of writing articles like that, an effort had better be made to extend her borders and intensify the mission cause in a practical manner.

Then there are those who say they are praying for churches to be established in New York and Chicago and other cities. That is right but something else is needed. To talk and write and nothing more will never get them there. Fred Douglas said he prayed morning, noon and night for three or four years for God to set him free from slavery, but his prayers were not answered until he prayed with his heels. If our people will pray more with their pockets for missions, there will be no trouble about having churches where we want them and that will be where they are needed.

Now let's face this matter, what are we doing? Read the mission reports, and what do they amount to; true they show good intentions, and the writer is the last to throw a straw in the way, but take our foundation, our principles, our claims, our creed, our growth, our object, and what does the paltry sum show? I doubt if the mission funds will average one cent per member.

Now brethren I appeal for a change of front, let us be more earnest in this matter, let us put some of our resolutions into execution. If the prodigal had sat amid

the grunting swine and kept repeating "I will arise," and made no effort, what would his resolutions amount to. He said he would arise, and he arose and went home. Let us carry out plans long since formed and new life will be in the work. I am not done with this subject.

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

Sisters' S. C. E.

FROM THE PRESIDENT.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE S. C. E.:—When writing my last report, I was at Cedar Creek, Va. I am now at my home in Maryland again, for a few days. I am glad to announce that, while at Cedar Creek, I succeeded in organizing a society of twenty-six members with Mrs. John Copp as president. She is an able woman, and will make her society a success. We are more than gratified with our Virginia trip. The kind hospitality everywhere extended to us, the enthusiasm and willingness with which they entered into the S. S. C. E. work, and their liberality in contributing to the fund for defraying expenses, all endeared them to me. It will always be a pleasure to remember my visit with them. The pleasant weather, and beautiful scenery added also to my enjoyment. I have lived nearly all my life in full view of the mountain with its jutting rocks and crags, but the beautiful Massanutta range, peaked and snow-covered held for me an ever increasing fascination. Its great rocks make me think of the Rock of Ages. The face of the mountain changes with the seasons; the woodman's ax works wondrous changes, but the rocks retain their grey, sombre, majestic appearance year after year, even as Christ our Rock of Refuge is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

I am glad to learn that the S. S. C. E. of Ashland will accept and act upon the suggestion of Sister Beachley of Meyersdale, Pa. How many others will do likewise? Sister Lizzie Copp tells me that in California the society made quite a nice sum of money by making up articles of different kinds and selling them at their camp meetings; not at time of services nor in the tabernacle, but during recesses and apart from the place of worship. We should like to hear from others on this subject. We should like to hear frequently from all our societies through the EVANGELIST. Let us keep our column well filled. Write, dear sisters, and tell us what you are doing for the cause of Christ. It will encourage and enthuse others, and may do untold good. Bravely, earnestly, faithfully, let us work, until the race is done, the last battle fought, the last victory achieved, and the crown is won. LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE. Mapleville, Md.

MEDDLING WITH NATURE.

"I must have something to make me think clearly," says a man at his desk as he sits over his task, with knotted brows. "I'll go down the street and get a cup of strong coffee."

Had he said, "I'll go out and cut a switch and switch myself," it would have been about as sensible a conclusion, says *Our Morning Circle*. That is what he really meant—that he would switch his brain and compel it to work when the conditions were not favorable for work; when it was either already overworked or weakened by disease.

The sensible course to pursue would be to let Nature have her way. Nature's remedy for overwork is rest, and not a whip. What the man needed was more sleep or more nourishing food or a change of employment.

"My nerves are all unsettled; my hand trembles so that I can scarcely write my name. I must smoke a cigar and steady my nerves," so says the young clerk or stenographer at the close of an exhausting day's work. But he is just as foolish as the other speaker. What he proposes to do is to deaden and paralyze his nerves instead of steadying them by rest. It does not help the case any, but only makes it worse. If a man is standing on the brink of a precipice just ready to topple over, shutting his eyes to the danger does not lessen the danger. Going to sleep in the face of peril does not remove the peril.

The sensible thing for the nervous man to do would be to raise the windows, or go out into the air and take a few moments' violent exercise, using his lungs to their utmost capacity. That would be Nature's way of restoring the equilibrium.

"I am breaking down; my strength is failing fast," says a weary-looking man or woman. "I must have a stimulant, a little wine or ale, something to tone up the system." But Nature's method is not to tone up the system, but to let down the strain. The so-called tonic in alcohol is nothing more nor less than a goad, which drives the already overworked horse to death. Let Nature have her way. Her prescription would be rest, change of employment, more nutritious diet.

It is meddling with the laws of Nature that makes much of the mischief in the world. The seeming necessity for stimulants of any kind, whether tea or coffee or alcoholic beverages, is an artificial one, and yielding to it does not lengthen life, but shortens it. Let Nature alone, and you will let whiskey alone, tobacco alone, everything which weakens the action of the heart.